

P. M. S.

An Elegiac POEM

I N

Memory of that truly worthy and Loyal Gentleman

William Whitmore

Esquire.

Late of *Balmes* in the County of *Middlesex*.

who being wounded by the Casual Discharge of his own Pistol departed this life July the 31th 1684.

VIVIT POST FUNERA VIRTUS!

Vhen the loud Trump of Fame the News had spread
The Young, the Brave, the Generous *Whitmor's* dead,
One general groan tun'd every gentle Breast
And flowing Tears from e'ry Eye-lid prest.
The *Hero* that in chase of Fame had trod
The slaughter'd Field, and Forded Streams of Blood
Flusht in the Arts of Death, yet wept to see
A *Brother* fall without a Victory.
Apollo's Sons forsook their Withering *Bayer*,
Laid by their Books, forgot their tuneful *Lays*,
And Dumb with stupid grief, could only sigh
Mecenas their lov'd Patrons *Elegy*.
But must he then have none? If learned Verse
Be suffer'd only to attend his Hearse,
Raptures and Figures of the first degree
Strain'd to the highest Notes of Extasie,
Such as of old the *Mantuan* Bard inspir'd,
Or *Athens* in her Pride of Power admir'd
I must be silent; yet i've heard it said,
The meanest duties which to Heaven are paid }
Are kindly taken, if devoutly made.

What

What if I then, can't bring as others do:
 With what I have, his Funeral Hearse I'll strew,
 And to the Dust his dear remains Pursue:
 Sad thought, and must he thither go? Ah Death?
 Can nothing bribe thee to recal his Breath?
 If hoards of Virtue sav'd in earliest Youth
 Exalted Wit, Wealth, Loyalty or Truth
 Are worth thy value, give us back this one
 Of all the numerous Subjects of thy Throne.
 From his own gather'd stock he'll pay thee more,
 Ten thousand times, then what thou'lt get before
 A few dead bones alas are all thy store.
 And where's the Booty, where's thy Treasure then?
 Where thy Proud Conquests o're the Sons of Men?
 Vain death, and yet inexorable too!
 They happiest are, that in a Camp pursue
 Thy charged Bolts, and snatch a Fate from you.
 Thus would, thus wisht, our ~~Heart~~ to have fell
 In a fair Field from Honours Pinnacle;
 Amidst the ranks of Ranged Warriors crown'd,
 With Verdant Bayes, in Rills of Fame renown'd,
 Whilst Drums, and Ecchoing Trumpets through the Skies,
 In doleful Dirges sang his Obsequies.
 But spiteful Death this you deny'd him, too,
 And basely stole his life e're 'twas thy due:
 His Blooming years scarce past, and yet to come
 Ages of Honour e're he reach'd a Tomb,
 Fate promis'd him. But Murderer as thou art
 Whilst in Pursuit of these, thy Coward Dart
 Unseen, and unexpected reach'd his heart.
 Malicious Fact! yet done 'tis past redress
 Thy Shaftes are spent, his Glory near the less,
 Beyond the grave thy Power can ne're extend,
 Thy Triumphs there, meet their Appointed end.
 Whilst Mounted through the Spheres on Angels Wings,
 He's made a Courtier of the King of Kings,
 And 'mongst his Peers the Songs of Glory sings
 We only have the loss, that yet survive.
 We only mourn, who yet are doom'd to live.
 Lives Burthen none on Earth would easily bear
 The Whips of fortune, and the goads of Care,
 Th' Oppressors Wrongs, the Laws delay, the Taunts
 Of Great men, or the Poor mans starving wants.
 Could they like him Disburthen'd of the Toyl,
 Be made Possessors of an Heavenly Soyl,
 Where in Immortal Joys with God above,
 He tastes the Banquers of Immortal love.

by F. N. W.

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